

TMBA 101

CHAPTER 101 I WANT MILK TEA

"No, Kasie didn't sleep here last night, but I do have a funny story about her!" Debbie said as she threw the wrappings of her heating pad into the bin and sat on her chair. "She asked her dad for ten thousand dollars yesterday to pay for some VIP membership. Her dad, though, accidentally transferred a hundred thousand dollars instead! Right after she received the money, she felt scared that her dad might ask her to wire the ninety thousand back. So, she blacklisted him right away! She had much fun in a club last night, I'm guessing!"

"Hahahaha!" Kristina burst into laughter. "I guess her dad will come to school to teach her a lesson today," she replied as she got out of bed and began to get dressed.

"Maybe he will. He already complained that Kasie's monthly expenses are way above average," Debbie said.

Suddenly, Kristina realized something and eyed Debbie from head to toe. "You were in a bad mood just last night! Now, you're bubbly like a spring flower. Let me guess. Did you see your husband this morning?" she asked suspiciously.

Debbie looked so much better now than she had yesterday. She was clearly in a bad mood even when she and Jared set off to the club she worked at. But now, she was smiling and was sporting a very sunny disposition.

Kristina didn't believe that it was all because of that funny story.

"Mmm... I saw him this morning," Debbie replied. She didn't plan to keep it from Kristina, anyway. Besides, she and Kristina were currently alone in the dorm room. Their other classmate, Kasie, and their three other roommates, who had different majors, were all out for classes.

"Tell me the details. Did you apologize to him or—" Kristina knew that they had fought and why so she was eager to know how it turned out.

Debbie rolled her eyes. "Hmph! He apologized to me, of course!" she snorted.

Kristina giggled. She put her hand on her friend's shoulder and said, "Debbie, you just made a proud CEO like Carlos beg for your forgiveness. Now, I believe that he must really love you."

"He was wrong so he apologized. I don't see anything unusual about that," Debbie replied. 'It's all because of Megan!'

she thought angrily.

"Oh, come on. Don't be so stubborn. Anyway, I'm gonna wash my face and brush my teeth. Let's talk

more later!" Kristina said as she stood to go to the lavatory.

"All right," Debbie said.

She and Kristina had lunch together in the school canteen at noon. Debbie found herself fixating on a couple that sat near their table. The boy and the girl looked as if they were existing in their own world. They touched and kissed as if no one was looking. Somehow, this made Debbie miss her husband, Carlos. So, she put her chopsticks down and proceeded to send him a message on WeChat. "Hey, Mr. Handsome. I want milk tea."

"Okay," was his reply. His message was quick and concise.

Debbie stared at the word, wondering whether he was going to add something. To her disappointment, no other message arrived.

It wasn't until twenty minutes later while Debbie and Kristina were on their way to the dorm that a notification alerted with a message from Carlos. "Go to Curtis' office now," it said.

"What for?" Debbie replied.

"You'll know when you get there,"

Carlos texted back.

Debbie put the phone back in her pocket and turned to Kristina. "I have to deal with something urgent. Why don't you go to Dixon?" she said.

Before Kristina could reply, she already dashed away.

As she watched her friend's retreating figure, Kristina took a bite off her baked sausage and mused, 'Dixon, a straight-A student, is busy studying for his final exams and has no time to date me. I am such a hopeless student.'

Upon arriving at Curtis' office, Debbie knocked. A familiar voice answered, "Come in."

Her heart skipped a beat. 'Carlos is here!' she thought.

She pushed the door open, and the sight of her dear husband welcomed her instead of the original occupant of the office.

"Mr. Handsome, what are you doing here?" she asked.

Carlos stood from the couch and handed her a paper bag. "Your milk tea," he said.

Taking the paper cup, Debbie blushed. She had missed him and only wanted to exchange messages with him on WeChat. She had actually expected him to reply something like "Buy one if you want" when she had messaged him about the milk tea. Instead, her busy CEO husband brought her a hot cup of milk tea himself despite the freezing cold.

She had wondered why he asked her to go to Curtis' office, and guessed that he might have sent someone else to buy milk tea for her. Her eyes turned red. "It's so cold outside! You didn't have to come here. You should have had one of your assistants bring this for you," she choked, holding back her tears.

Carlos stroked her hair and said, "I'm fine. Emmett drove me here. Drink it while it's still warm."

She took the cup, put a straw through the cover and took a sip. Her eyes lit up at the taste. "This is it! My favorite flavor! Old man, how did you know that?" she inquired.

Bubble milk tea with popping boba and coconut jelly—this was her favorite and she would never get tired of it.

Seeing her so happy made him smile. Instead of answering her question, he replied, "I'm glad you love it."

"Come, taste it!" she said hopefully as she put the straw near Carlos' lips.

On second thought, she suddenly realized that the man was obsessively tidy. He might not be willing to use the same straw. She quickly withdrew her hand. "Oh, never mind. Next time, I'll just buy an extra cup for you," she said.

"Why?" Carlos asked. He was just about to take a sip when she drew the drink away.

"There's only one straw," she said with a shrug.

Carlos held her hand holding the drink and looked her in the eye. Then, much to her surprise, he raised the cup together with her hand and took a sip.

After swallowing, he commented, "It's too sweet. Remember to rinse your mouth after finishing it."

"You...you don't mind using the same straw?" Debbie could not help but ask. She knew he was a neat freak. His bedroom and bathroom were spotlessly clean. She avoided entering his room unless it was absolutely necessary, too scared to mess anything up in there.

Raising one of his eyebrows, he replied, "Why would I? You're my wife."

She flashed a huge grin when she heard his answer. "Take another sip," she offered.

As if to prove his words, he not only took another sip of the drink but also pulled her into his arms and

kissed her.

The sweetness of the milk tea spread through their mouths. Debbie was so happy she wished this moment could last forever. 'I wish we would never fight again!' she thought.

Large flakes of snow fell outside the warm and cozy office. Carlos sat on the couch while Debbie sat on his lap drinking the milk tea.

Suddenly, Debbie remembered a joke. "Carlos, let me tell you a story," she said.

"Okay," he replied.

He could tell from her sly smile that she was plotting something.

"Listen, uh, once upon a time, there was a fool who liked saying 'No'. He always answered 'No' when people asked him something," she narrated. After some pause, she continued, "Oh, by the way, have you heard this story before?" She looked Carlos in the eye, waiting for his reply.

He curled his lips and answered, "Yes, you told me the story before."

"No, I've never—"

It was not until Carlos chuckled that Debbie realized that he had her fooled.

Frustrated, she pinched his arm and beat on his chest. "Aaaaaagh! Why do you have to be so smart?! You called me a fool! You are an ass!"

Carlos held her tighter and smelled her hair. "Are you sure it's I who called you a fool? You were the one who called yourself a fool," he retorted.

Debbie snorted and looked away while pouting her lips.

She thought hard about how to get back at Carlos. After a long pause, she started again, "Hey, let me ask you a question. If there were a girl with a pretty face and perfect body sitting on your lap, would you fall for her?"

This time, he answered without hesitation, "No, I wouldn't." There was only one girl in the world whom he would fall for, and she was none other than Debbie.

CHAPTER 102 A POOR VIRGIN

'Yeah, he's hooked!' Debbie was elated, but holding back a smile, she pretended to be angry. "Carlos, how dare you allow another girl to sit on your lap?"

Carlos' jaw dropped.

'What a cunning girl! I can't keep up with her varying tactics, ' he thought.

Debbie was about to stand when Carlos pulled her waist and said in a serious manner, "I can assure you that I will not allow anyone else to sit on my lap. This place is owned by you and you only."

The seriousness in his eyes stunned her. How would you feel if a handsome and charming man expressed his love for you? You would get excited, of course. Debbie was no exception. Words left her as she was drowned in Carlos' eyes. She could not get herself to look away. After a long time, she finally spoke. "Carlos, I want to make love to you."

His eyes darkened at her words as he held her tighter. "You naughty girl!" She seduced him even when she had her period.

When she realized that she had her flow, she sheepishly added, "I don't mean right now, I mean in a week or so."

Carlos, struck with desire, took the cup of milk tea from her hand, placed it on a table, laid her on the couch and pressed his body against her.

"Don't, Carlos! Please..."

He was about to kiss her on the lips when the door was opened from outside.

Debbie turned scarlet.

Carlos cast a burning glance at Curtis, who stood in stunned disbelief. "Mr. Loftus, why are you back so soon?" Carlos said, his voice was as cold as ice.

After saying that, he sat upright and helped Debbie up as if nothing had happened.

Leaning against the door frame, Curtis replied, "I got news that you were in my office so I came here to meet you. I didn't expect you to be driven by lust so early in the day..." Carlos' glare immediately shut him up.

Embarrassed, Debbie stood up from the couch, picked up her milk tea and apologized to Curtis sincerely. "I'm sorry, Mr. Loftus. Please don't get us wrong. I was not feeling well and Carlos came here to send me the milk tea. Er...I'd better go back to class now so you two can talk."

Curtis couldn't believe his ears. A busy CEO left work just to deliver a cup of milk tea for his wife? He shook his head and asked, "Carlos, since when were you so available?"

Carlos grabbed Debbie's hand and answered casually, "When my wife wants milk tea, I will give her milk tea, even if I were abroad."

Despite being a gentleman, Curtis wanted to yell at him so badly and dismiss him from his office. Staying in control of his emotions, he instead managed to respond, "Whatever makes you happy."

'I always took him for a serious man. As it turns out, he tends to be a show-off when he's in love, ' Curtis thought.

How Debbie wished she could cover Carlos' mouth with her hands. 'What a shameless man! He doesn't feel awkward at all despite being caught red-handed. Instead, he is chatting with Mr. Loftus as if nothing happened, ' she thought.

Carlos stood up from the couch, held Debbie's waist and told her, "Let me walk you out."

Shaking her head, she said, "I'm good. Why don't you and Mr. Loftus continue your conversation? I'll walk myself out." After saying that, she immediately removed herself from the embarrassing scene with cheeks burning red.

Sitting down in his armchair, Curtis curled his lips and commented, "Debbie usually acts like a tomboy. Only a man like you can make her blush like that."

As far as he knew, Debbie had never acted this way in front of other men before.

Carlos rolled his eyes. "I gotta go. By the way, you have a nice couch. I may try it with my wife, next time," he said.

Curtis raised an eyebrow. 'The nerve of this man, ' he thought. "You talk as if you know what you were talking about. Carlos, don't think I don't know you are a 28-year-old virgin. You've been married for more than three years, but you haven't slept with your wife once," he remarked dismissively.

Carlos' face soured at his words. "Just shut your fucking mouth!"

Ignoring his good friend's reaction, Curtis continued, "Well, unlike you, I actually have experience in this field. Based on my assessment, it's easy to tell that there is something wrong between you and Debbie. I guess that you have not slept with her yet, and it looks like I got that right."

Carlos' grim reaction made him feel satisfied.

'Good for you, Debbie! Despite Carlos' shrewd ways, he still hasn't managed to put you under his spell, ' he thought. This made Curtis burst into laughter.

In his frustration, Carlos kicked Curtis' desk and stormed out wordlessly.

Sitting in the back seat of his car, Carlos swore to himself once again, 'If I failed to make love with Debbie after her period, then I wouldn't deserve to be called a man!

I must make her mine both mentally and physically!

He thought about her sitting on his lap. She was so shy and cute. Replaying the scene in his mind made him feel a little better.

At Esastin Villa

Carlos pulled the passenger door open and carried Debbie out. She grabbed his shirt and mumbled, "Carlos, I can walk—"

"Don't be so stubborn. You're not feeling well," Carlos cut her off. He kicked the door to close it.

"I'm okay, really! Please put me down," she said.

Despite her struggle, Carlo managed to bring her to the villa gates. "Open the gate," he told her.

Debbie reached out her finger to unlock the fingerprint lock.

The villa went ablaze with lights. A dozen people were busy in the living room but immediately stopped what they were doing when they spotted their boss at the gates. "Carlos," they greeted.

Only the servants in the villa also greeted Debbie, "Mrs. Hilton."

The others were stunned upon hearing their companions' greeting and immediately looked to see the girl in Carlos' arms. 'When did Carlos get married? How come this news did not reach us?' they thought.

"Mrs. Hilton," they followed, anyway.

Debbie nodded, feeling a bit awkward. After noticing what they were doing, she turned to Carlos and asked in confusion, "Carlos, what—"

He put her down, grabbed her hand and led her to a rack where several pieces of clothing were hanging. "Sorry, I forgot to ask them to send your winter clothes here. Check these ones out. Do you like them?" he asked.

It completely escaped him that Debbie needed clothes. Usually, his assistant, Zelda, took care of matters like these. It was not until he saw her blood-stained pants that he realized what he overlooked.

He swore to himself that he would pay more attention to his wife in the future.

'There are so many racks with at least dozens of pieces of clothing. Are all of these for me?' Debbie wondered in awe.

"You bought me so many autumn clothes last time. I haven't even gotten to wear some of them. I don't need new clothes; it's a waste of money and resources," she said. She felt as if she were in a boutique.

Carlos didn't respond. While Debbie was skimming through her options, he started pointing at pieces and ordering, "This, this, this... Put them into my wife's wardrobe."

"No, wait! I haven't tried them on yet!" Debbie exclaimed, grabbing one of the pieces. "I don't have a perfect figure so I need to try them on first to make sure they look good on me."

Carlos grabbed her hand to lead her to the second floor. "You won't be able to try all of them on in hours. That's too much trouble." Then, he turned to one of the servants and ordered, "Put all of them in Debbie's wardrobe."

"How will I know whether they fit if I don't try them on? It's too wasteful," she protested.

"I won't get back to it next time," Carlos replied.

"What?" Debbie asked, confused.

CHAPTER 103 DID YOUR AUNT FLO LEAVE

"I'll ask the store to send fewer clothes next time. Why don't you accept all these clothes for now?" Carlos said indifferently. Debbie nodded obediently. But little did she know that the clothing store would send her even more clothes the next time. And there were already many new clothes in her wardrobe that she hadn't had the chance to wear.

One day, Julie came upon Debbie who was about to throw a down coat into the washing machine. She ran hysterically towards her and grabbed the coat from her. She looked shocked beyond belief. "Debbie, this coat is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars and it requires special treatment. We should call the laundry service to take care of it."

Debbie was too shocked to utter a single word. More than a hundred thousand dollars? For a coat?

She was dumbfounded by how much money rich people spent on clothes.

'Carlos spends his money left, right and center!'

she thought.

In the following days, Debbie went to the bar to make money whenever Carlos was working over time and couldn't make it back home in time.

She finally had enough money to buy the thing which she had longed for.

She went to Shining International Plaza alone one day without being noticed by Carlos and bought the

thing. With a pleased smile, she decided to take a stroll around the plaza. Upon seeing a lingerie shop, she remembered something and went in.

Twenty minutes later, she walked out of the shop with a small shopping bag in her hand.

On her way back to the villa, she received a phone call. "Hi, Colleen. What's up?"

"Hi, Debbie. I'm great. Listen, Megan is going to a dinner party tomorrow evening. Do you know who her partner is? So many people already know about it!"

"Uh no..." Debbie didn't give a damn about Megan. She just wished the girl would vanish from her and Carlos' life.

Sighing in defeat, Colleen said, "I knew it. Debbie, you should pay more attention to her. She has long been telling people that Carlos would be her date."

"What?! Carlos?" Debbie cried in disbelief. Carlos was going to attend a dinner party with Megan? The very thought about Megan clinging on to her husband made Debbie feel uncomfortable. Her stomach flipped.

"Most of the upper classes already know that Megan is the favorite girl of the four prominent young men of Alorith, especially Carlos' and Wesley's. Many of them even imagined that she would be the future Mrs. Hilton or Mrs. Leonard. I just heard my friends talking about Megan being Carlos' date tomorrow evening. They kept sucking up to her because they think that it's their chance to get closer to Carlos. It made me sick! Debbie, this is not some ordinary party. It might look like it's just another dinner, but it's the women's battlefield," said Colleen seriously.

"Battlefield? What do you mean?" Debbie was completely confused.

"A battlefield for women to show off their dates! People who attend this party are rich and powerful. If Carlos and Megan go to the party together, then the whole city will believe that she is Mrs. Hilton. The reason why I'm telling you this is that I don't want to see Megan play her dirty tricks again. Debbie, you must attend the party with Carlos. Are you willing to give up your husband to that woman?" asked Colleen.

Was Debbie willing to let Megan have what she wanted? 'Of course not!' Debbie's mind yelled. Not a single woman in the world would willingly give away their husband to another woman.

"Debbie, you must keep an eye on them. Curtis told me that you had a fight with Carlos because of Megan. She is such a bitch! She used to do the same thing to me and Curtis. I really hate her. Curtis and I had a lot of unwanted fights because of her. Debbie, you must not let her destroy your relationship with Carlos, okay?" Anger was obvious in Colleen's voice.

Debbie didn't respond as she was still in a trance, trying to process all this information.

"Debbie, if you really like Carlos, just go for it. I believe you can win his heart."

Still no response.

"If Carlos asks you how you found out about the party, just tell him that I told you. He won't be mad at me for it. After all, we've been friends for many years."

Debbie finally found her voice, though she was still very confused. "Colleen, please hold on. You've dumped so much information on me that I can hardly follow you. I need time to think about all this."

"All right. Take your time. If you ever need me, please feel free to call."

"Er... Yeah, sure. By the way, Colleen, I have a question." She paused for a moment. "Why does Mr. Loftus always treat me so well? Don't get me wrong! He loves only you. I mean...he treats me like his own sister. No, he treats me like his own daughter! Do you understand what I'm saying?" Debbie asked. Both Curtis and Colleen had always treated Debbie so well that Debbie was dying to know the reason behind their attitude towards her.

Colleen laughed out loud. "Debbie, don't bother trying to explain. I understand. I know how much Curtis loves me. I also know why he treats you well. But I think it would be best if he told you everything himself."

"But I've already asked him twice, and he refuses to tell me. It makes me feel rather uneasy. Please Colleen, just tell me." Debbie was upset that Colleen wasn't willing to tell her the truth either.

"I believe he has his own reasons for not telling you. Maybe it's not the right time yet. You know, Curtis is a stubborn man, even though he is always gentle. Nevertheless, he neither hates you nor does he intend to do you any harm. You don't need to feel uneasy. So just let it go for now, okay? What you need to pay attention to right now is the dinner party tomorrow evening. Understand?"

"Fine!" Debbie pouted her lips.

"All right. I gotta go. Feel free to call me if anything happens."

"Sure. Thank you, Colleen."

"No problem. Bye, Debbie."

That evening, Carlos came back home earlier than usual and led Debbie to the study to teach her advanced mathematics. During the class, she couldn't help but think about the dinner party the next evening. A couple of times, she almost asked him about it, but then bit back her words, saying nothing.

Half an hour later, he closed the book and looked her in the eye. "Okay, that's it for today's class. Now,

you've been stealing glances at me for so long. Just say it. What do you want?"

'Really? He can read my mind now?' She frowned, a little embarrassed.

After some hesitation, she pried, "Are you free tomorrow evening?"

"I have to attend a dinner party in the evening. What's the matter?" Carlos pulled her into his arms and inhaled her unique scent.

'So Colleen was right, ' Debbie thought bitterly. "Oh, it's nothing."

Her reaction confused Carlos and he asked, "Are you going somewhere tomorrow evening?"

"No. It was just an idle question." She hadn't figured out how to stop Carlos from attending the party with Megan yet.

Now that she refused to open up to him, Carlos decided to let it go. He changed the topic by asking, "Did your aunt Flo leave yet?"

It had been five days.

Debbie was stunned for a while, and then blushed terribly. She immediately stood up from his lap as she could see the desire in his eyes. "It will soon."

'This jerk! He has already asked the same question countless times. A lustful man is really scary!'

Carlos touched his forehead with his left hand and complained, "You've been giving me the same answer for many days." Every time he asked her, she would give him the same answer. He was completely running out of patience.

Debbie bit her lips, giggling. As she gazed at his long face, she suddenly had an idea.

She went back to her bedroom and sent Colleen a WeChat message. "Colleen, could you please do me a favor?"

"

The next morning, Debbie took a dancing class before she made for the university. It was Carlos' class. As soon as she arrived at the school gates, she saw his car roll in.

The car came to a halt. Apparently, the person inside the car had seen Debbie as well. There were many students around, and Debbie didn't want them to gossip about her and Carlos. The moment Emmett opened the door and got out of the car, Debbie ran away from the place.

Emmett was left speechless.

CHAPTER 104 WAITING FOR YOU

Emmett watched Debbie's figure recede from view. He needed to get back in the car again and tell his boss what happened. Carlos, sitting in the back seat, didn't respond. It was what he had expected, though. He knew Debbie wasn't willing to let others know about their relationship. Every time they were in the midst of a crowd, she would act as if they were strangers.

Carlos had been away on official business for the last two months, and this was his first class after he'd come back. The classroom was fully stocked with his admirers. Debbie, sitting in the last row, gave her full attention to the man on the podium, her husband.

People all believed that Carlos was cold and detached, but Debbie knew that was not the case. It was a ruse that he adopted, to keep people at arm's length, to add to his mystique. Debbie had seen different sides of him—an angry Carlos, a gentle Carlos, an upset Carlos... Just like ordinary people, he had the full range of emotions. He could be cold and distant, yes, but also loving and warm.

He was just used to concealing his true feelings in front of strangers.

He was 28 years old now, yet he was a successful businessman. He was confident, strong and powerful—better than 99 percent men in the world.

Debbie couldn't help but wonder whether he was the favorite creature of God and he was born to be the winner. She felt so lucky she was his wife. She was lost in her own thoughts when the man's voice brought her back to her senses.

"Debbie, please stand up and tell us what you've learned so far."

His voice was so cold that she immediately stood without any hesitation. She winked at Dixon, who was sitting next to her.

Lowering his head, Dixon whispered to her, trying to catch her up, "Carlos has taught us AIP—automatic investment plan, and risk prediction..."

With a cunning smile, Debbie cleared her throat and repeated, "Carlos, you've taught us AIP and risk prediction..." While she recited the litany that Dixon was helping her with, Carlos left the the podium and walked towards her.

The girls fixed their eyes upon him, looking excited. They even began whispering, "He's coming this way!" Some of them even took out their phones and took photos of his back or selfies with Carlos in the background. There was giggling and more whispering as they checked out their handiness with a camera.

When Carlos at last stood beside Debbie, Dixon shut his mouth and pretended that he was reading his book. He wasn't dumb enough to get caught.

Once Dixon stopped whispering to her, Debbie was unable to continue. With an embarrassed smile, she said, "T-That's all I can remember... I-I need to study more, huh?"

Carlos tapped her desk with his index finger and said in a cold voice, "Come up to the podium with me. Stay focused."

'Dang! Is he the same Carlos as last night? He was so enthusiastic last night when he held me in his arms in bed. So warm, so loving. But now, he looks like I owe him a shit-ton of money!' she thought.

Staring at his back, Debbie stuck out her tongue and made a face before following him up to the front of the classroom.

Debbie stopped not far away from him. Suddenly, an idea struck her. While the other students were discussing something, she said in a low voice, "Carlos, do you want to have lunch with me after class?"

Carlos stopped turning the pages of his book and cast a warning glance at her. Evidently he heard her, and didn't like the question.

As if not noticing the look, Debbie continued, "Carlos, my aunt Flo has left." She knew that he had been expecting this day very much.

Carlos walked towards her, towering over her, and asked, "What about now?"

When the students saw Carlos approach Debbie, they began to talk about it; more giggling and furtive whispers followed. "What are they talking about? Look at Debbie! The slut!"

"Wow, he's so handsome. I wish I could stand that near him."

"Look at her! She's tried to seduce Carlos a lot. She just can't get enough! That bitch! He should force her to leave the city!"

"

Debbie, on the other hand, didn't get Carlos' point. "Now what?" she asked in confusion.

"One more word and I'll take you home!" Carlos threatened. Debbie shut her mouth, as she knew he was a man of his word.

Now that Debbie was silent, Carlos secretly heaved a sigh of relief and thought to himself, 'What a naughty girl to seduce me in front of everyone! I'll teach her a lesson tonight.'

When the class was over, Debbie approached Carlos and asked, "Headed back to the office?"

"Yep. Come with me?" Carlos asked and looked at the girl.

"No, no! You go ahead. What time do you get off tonight?"

'She's been acting weird the whole day!' Carlos thought. "I've got a dinner party at 6 p.m., but I'll be home after we're done."

'6 p.m.? Got it!' "Okay. Bye, old man."

Debbie waved to him and then walked off with a spring in her step.

Staring at her retreating figure, Carlos mused, 'She seems so happy! Is it because her period is over and done with? I'm worried things aren't that simple...'

Around 3 in the afternoon, Jared placed his phone on the desk in front of Debbie and told her, "Your husband's going to a party with another woman."

A group chat was onscreen, along with a girl named Megan. She posted a message saying, "I'm going to a salon to get a makeover. Carlos and I have a party to go to." Some of the other members started to fawn over her.

Debbie rolled her eyes and taunted Megan in her mind. 'It's just a party and she's attending it with my husband. Does she have to show off like this?'

Debbie picked up the phone and mentioned Megan in her comment, "But I thought Carlos had other plans tonight."

When Jared noticed what she was doing and tried to take his phone back, she had already sent the message.

Immediately, Jared was mentioned in a whole gaggle of posts.

"Jared, did your brother tell you that?"

"Jared, how did you know that? Are you with Carlos now?"

"Jared, would you like to go out tonight?"

"

It was too late for Jared to delete the message. He cast a burning glance at Debbie and cursed, "Dude! Why did you do that?"

Debbie raised her arm to keep the phone away from him. "Wait! I still need it."

Soon, Megan mentioned Jared as well saying, "I just called Carlos, and he says he's still going to the party with me. "

Debbie ground her teeth and gave the phone back to Jared. "I'm taking off. I have some work to finish."

Then she left the university, leaving her confused friends behind.

At 6 p.m., Debbie took out her phone and sent a message to Carlos. "Honey, I'm waiting for you in Room 1208 of Caspian Hotel. Come and bang me. Now!"

Carlos, on the other hand, was making for the underground car park. The moment he saw the message, his eyes darkened. Before he could reply to it, he got another message. "Now or never!"

Clearly, the girl was trying to play him.

After some hesitation, he told Emmett, "Drive me to Caspian Hotel."

Emmett wanted to remind him that it was time to go to the party, but on second thought, he decided against it. "Yes, Carlos." He slid into the driver's seat and the two roared off to the hotel.

When Carlos' car stopped in front of the Caspian Hotel, he felt something was not right.

Some paparazzi must have been hiding somewhere around the hotel.

Pretending to ignore them, he got out of the car and entered the hotel lobby. Upon seeing Carlos, the lobby manager immediately trotted towards him and greeted, "Good evening, Carlos."

Carlos nodded in return, and strode toward the lift without further ado.

The manager decided to see if he could help, as he could tell that Carlos was in a hurry. Besides, he was curious what his business was.

"Carlos, which room are you going to?" asked the manager, who was about to press the button for Carlos.

"1208," Carlos answered shortly.

"Carlos, here comes the lift. Let me show you the way."

"I'm good." Carlos entered the lift and pressed the button to close the doors, leaving the manager behind.

When the doorbell rang, Debbie was so nervous that she was too weak to stand.

She took a few deep breaths before she opened the door.

It was him—Carlos—standing at the door!

Her nervousness disappeared at the sight of him. She threw herself into his arms. "Honey!"

CHAPTER 105 GETTING LAID

Carlos' lips curled meaningfully the moment he saw his woman. He entered the room and shut the door behind him.

Only then did he realize that Debbie was wearing a seductive nightgown. Apparently, she had just taken a bath and now, had draped the most comfortable, as well as the most revealing gown she could find.

He would have to be the dumbest man in the entire world to not get her point even after this move.

Her charming nose, appealing cheek bones, her flaming lips—this girl could make his brain go totally blank within an instant. Without further ado, he pulled her in his arms, lowered his head and kissed her on her red, soft lips.

Debbie stood on tiptoe, kissing him back passionately.

Without opening her eyes, she dug through his pocket to look for his phone. She found it easily and, waving it before his eyes, switched it off.

She loved him so much that she couldn't wait any longer to give herself to him now. And more importantly, she didn't want Megan to destroy their romantic night. Somehow, she got the feeling that Megan would have.

Carlos took the phone from her hand and with total disregard, threw it away as he picked her up and carried her to the bed.

The ambience was just right for their affair. The bedroom was dimly lit and a faint fragrance of rose permeated the air.

Carlos carefully laid Debbie onto the kind-sized round bed and pressed himself against her. Her body was shaking like a leaf out of nervousness and excitement. In a hoarse voice, he whispered in her ear, "Deb, I will never let you go in my life."

And then he lowered his head again to kiss her.

Debbie was already in a trance due to the passionate kiss he had planted before. Suddenly, something

dawned on her.

She covered his lips with her right hand, and used her left hand to take something out from under the pillow—something square; it was a velvet box, evidently expensive.

She opened the box and the thing inside it made Carlos' face sour.

"Carlos, this ring will forever be a witness of my love for you. From today on, you are to be my man and mine only!"

Debbie had worked hard in the bar the past few months with the sole intention of buying this ring for Carlos.

She believed that it would make the ring even more special when she bought it with the money she had earned by herself.

Carlos was sulking because she had beaten him in the race to buy a ring first. Ignoring his long face, she slid the ring softly on his finger. It fit him well.

Debbie was quite proud of the fact that the ring she had chosen was of the right size. Before going to buy the ring, she had waited for him to fall asleep, and measured his size with a string. 'I believe many women will give up on him when they see his ring, ' she thought to herself, pleased by her devious love.

Carlos grabbed her hand tight and tried to protest, "Deb, you know, usually—"

Debbie knew very well that Carlos was very chauvinistic. She withdrew her hand from his grip, snaked his neck with both of her arms and kissed him on the lips before assuring him, "Honey, don't tell me that girls shouldn't take the lead in a relationship. I don't believe that for a second. As long as we're happy, nothing matters. Right?"

Carlos was stunned for a while. He had never expected that Debbie's thinking would be laid out like this. Recovering, he smiled and kissed her hair. "You're the boss tonight. Babe, I'm all yours."

'She's so special!' he was thinking.

Actually he had also planned to give his wife a ring. Tristan had found the rough diamond a month ago. Carlos had asked him to have the diamond processed and made into the best possible ring. However, it would take some time and the jewel wouldn't be ready until half a month later. He hadn't expected Debbie to give him a ring first. Nevertheless, he was elated. After all, he was now sure of her love for him.

To keep the surprise, he decided not to tell her about his own preparations. She was going to find it out half a month later anyway. He pulled her close and kissed her affectionately.

It didn't take long for Debbie to get into the mood and throw his coat onto the floor. Then she began to unbutton his shirt. She hadn't done this before, and as a result, she was clumsy in her movements. Several minutes passed, but she managed to work her way through a mere two buttons.

Carlos was unable to bear it anymore—his erection was killing him. He pulled her hands away from him, and began to strip himself off.

His tie, shirt, leather belt, her nightgown— very soon, everything had been thrown onto the floor. His voice, full of sensuality and allure, came to her ears. His breathing deepened slightly and his heart was quickening against her hand. The next second, she felt all of his weight on top of her, pressing her back into the bed.

She was nervous, but at the same time, full of a desire and passion to make love to him. In fact, she was excited and looking forward to it. As she ran her hands down his back and along his waist and then his front, his passion rose even further, and finally, he cut to the chase.

"Be gentle." Debbie didn't want to refuse him anymore. Instead, she wanted him to continue kissing her, caressing her, stroking her all over...

The next morning, she was woken up by her phone alarm. Although she had switched her phone off the night before, the alarm still functioned.

She tried to raise her arm to grab her phone and shut it, but her arm was killing her.

Before she could will herself to raise her arm, the alarm was shut off abruptly.

She opened her sleepy eyes due to the sudden cut off, only to see Carlos turning off the alarm at her bedside. "Old man, what time is it?" she murmured.

Something was not right! Suddenly, she remembered it. She had gotten laid last night.

Debbie's eyes widened as she shot up straight, only to wince immediately because of the pain. "Aaaaagh! Oooooouch!"

Her body hurt all over, a hard and painful reminder of the soft and sensuous night she had had.

Carlos lowered himself near her with a smile, and asked in a soft voice, "Hey you. Are you hungry?"

Everything which had happened last night flashed across Debbie's mind. She lay back, covered her head with the quilt and asked in a shy voice, "Old man, why are you still here?"

She felt shy as she remembered that she had been the one to ask for the sex.

Carlos was amused by her childish behavior. Throwing back the quilt, he looked at his girl whose face

was very red shade indeed and asked, "Why are you so shy? I'm yours now."

She used to be a bold girl who would sometimes tease him and tell dirty jokes. Why was she being so shy after getting laid?

"I-I'm not shy..." she murmured, but her cheeks betrayed her. Her face was as red as a tomato.

Carlos tried hard to suppress his giggles and pulled her into his arms. He kissed her hair and remarked, "You must be hungry now. Go freshen yourself up. I'll ask them to send lunch over here."

"O-Okay. You go out first." This was a presidential suite and there was a living room outside.

Instead of leaving immediately, Carlos leaned over towards her and kissed her on the lips before letting her go.

After she had washed her face and brushed her teeth, Debbie picked up her phone and switched it on. Only then did she see that there were several missed calls and unread messages.

They were from Jared, Kasie, Curtis, Colleen...

Opening the WeChat app, she saw several friends' messages.

Colleen had written a rather cryptic but meaningful message. "Well done, Debbie!"

Jared had sent her dozens of messages, and the first one was, "Bro, you have to be cool. The news must be fake!"

Kasie was trying to comfort her for some reason. "Debbie, where are you? Let me stay with you together. Don't take such small things to heart."

Dixon told her, "You should talk with Carlos. Whatever the results are, we are always there for you!" Debbie was confused. 'What is going on?'

Right then, a Weibo push drew her attention, which said, "Carlos, president of Hilton Group, stayed overnight in a five-star hotel. According to an insider, there was a mystery woman waiting in the room which Carlos entered..."

She opened the Weibo app, but it didn't respond. What was going on? Her phone was working just fine!

She then clicked the Trending Hashtags and saw Carlos' name which was first in the queue.

Most of the news was the same. "Carlos spent a night with a university girl in a hotel room?!" And there was a photo of him entering the hotel gates.

So, the news that Carlos had stayed overnight with a girl in a hotel room was so widespread that it had brought the Weibo server to its knees...

That was not the point! The point was that Carlos had been photographed last evening when he had entered the hotel.

While Debbie was pondering hard on this, the man that people were talking about came up before her and asked, "Are you done?"

"Carlos... did you really hold a press conference?" she asked. She remembered that she had once made a joke with him that they should find a feng shui master to choose an auspicious day to get laid. And he had replied that he would hold a press conference and tell everyone that he was going to sleep with his wife.

CHAPTER 106 THE GIRL IN MY ARMS IS MY WOMAN

"What?" Carlos asked, confused.

He walked to Debbie and saw the news on her phone. Without any change in his expression, he locked the phone screen and said, "I'm not that bored. Colleen tipped the reporters off."

'Huh? Colleen?'

And then Debbie remembered it. She had asked Colleen to help her find out which hotel was Carlos' favorite.

"Will this have a negative impact on you?" she asked in worry.

Carlos held her close to his body and said, "I slept with my wife. What's wrong with that?" According to him, there was nothing unnatural happening. They were married and they just happened to have spent a night together in a hotel. He didn't have any reason to demand the news be deleted as he had done before.

During their lunch, Debbie kept checking her phone screen, hoping to learn how things were going outside. No sooner had she clicked on the news than Carlos said, "Eat." Debbie put the phone down without complaining.

After the meal, Debbie secretly replied to her friends' messages while Carlos was talking on the phone.

"Don't worry. I was the one with Carlos last night."

Her friends were shocked. One after another they posted the Blood Vomiting emoji.

Debbie clicked on the news on Weibo, which claimed that Megan was stood up at the party because

Carlos was on a date with a mystery woman at a hotel. The news also said that the two hadn't left the room all night and that Carlos' phone wasn't switched on until noon the next day.

Carlos had some clothes brought to the room. After getting changed, Debbie walked over to him and asked, "What do we do now?"

Calm as usual, Carlos simply straightened his clothes and pulled her into his arms. "Are you still sore?" he asked. She was walking funny, he noticed.

Debbie flushed. After hearing his question, she realized that the soreness had indeed not gone yet.

She nodded. The next second, Carlos picked her up in his arms and asked, "Do you need to see a doctor?"

Debbie stammered with embarrassment, "N-No."

It was just a process that every woman had to go through. She knew that she would be fine after getting some rest.

"I'll drive you home before I go to the company."

"Okay."

To her shock, the entrance of the hotel was packed with reporters. The paparazzi were thrilled by the latest gossip.

Usually, any news about Carlos would be covered up immediately. And both the reporter and the press would pay the price for even getting anywhere near him.

This time, however, there was no interference from his side. Hilton Group didn't respond to the news as it spread like wildfire. It looked like both the company and Carlos were giving their silent approval to the news.

Carlos exited the hotel and appeared in front of the reporters carrying Debbie in his arms. Cameras were flashing left and right. Questions rang out from all sides relentlessly. Debbie had never seen so many reporters at one place before. She kept her face buried in Carlos' chest. All the press could see was the figure of the girl in her pink down jacket, wearing a bun. One thing was clear—the girl was pretty young.

As they witnessed the intimacy between them, everyone was convinced that the news was true.

Because of the commotion, at least ten security guards rushed to the door to maintain order and keep the reporters at a safe distance from Carlos.

Tons of questions were raised all at once. Everyone wanted to know the identity of the girl in Carlos'

arms and what his relationship with her was. Out of nowhere, a reporter brought up Megan. "Carlos, how do you define your relationship with Megan?"

"Carlos, you were supposed to be at the dinner party with Megan last night. But you didn't attend the party. Who is this woman in your arms? What's your relationship?"

"Carlos, are you two getting married?"

"Carlos, is this the other woman who stands between you and Megan?"

"

Debbie felt furious. How did she become 'the other woman'?

Carlos had been calm all the while, but the reporters' last question made him halt next to the car. He cast a sharp glance at the reporter who had asked that question and the man almost fell to the ground.

"I'll only say this once. Megan is my niece. The girl in my arms is my woman."

His last sentence stirred up a wild sensation among the reporters. They all wondered about the kind of woman who was lucky enough to be Carlos' woman. But since Debbie kept her face hidden, they never got a glimpse of her.

After Carlos and Debbie got in the car, Emmett closed the door and told the reporters in a formulaic way, "This is Carlos' personal matter. Please focus your attention on the new product launch event of Hilton Group. Thank you."

The car drove away soon after, leaving the bunch of reporters behind. Debbie didn't raise her head until they were out of sight. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cause you all this trouble. I shouldn't have booked the room," she said in a low voice.

She had never expected that getting a room with her husband was such a big deal.

"Don't worry about it. This news will help publicize the new product launch event," Carlos comforted her.

In all honesty, he was not fond of advertising new products by hyping his personal affairs. As for today's news, he didn't think he owed anybody an explanation. Nor would he pretend like nothing had happened.

His words soothed Debbie.

Back at the villa, Carlos walked her to the living room and kissed her forehead. "Do you want me to take you to school?" he queried.

"No, that's not necessary. I'll ask Matan to drive me. Now, go to work."

Her response was just as he had expected. Without another word, Carlos left the villa for work.

Slipping on another outfit, Debbie packed her books and went back to school.

On the way, she skimmed the news on her phone and updated her Weibo. After the incident at the hotel, she got to know more about Carlos.

As a successful businessman, he interested the press even more than some movie stars. That morning, the news about Carlos had crashed the Weibo app. As far as Debbie knew, no celebrity had drawn that much attention.

A picture a reporter had snapped when Carlos had carried her out of the hotel had become the hottest news. In the picture, Carlos' face was very clearly seen, while her face remained hidden.

The title of the news read, "Carlos declared that the girl in his arms was his woman."

Within half an hour, the news had received hundreds of thousands of comments and countless likes. It was re-posted like wildfire.

Carlos' fan-girls wailed in the comments section, "Carlos, my dream man! I've loved you for so many years. And now, you've found the one. Be happy!"

"Carlos has always kept a low profile. I can't believe that he has a girlfriend."

"Damn! Carlos is the best-looking guy in the world. I'm drooling on the other side of the screen."

"Carlos, my love for you will never die. Even though you have a girlfriend, I will still love you. Boo...hoo."

"My woman.' So cool! Carlos is bloody awesome! Wish you so much happiness forever.

"

Seeing all the comments, Debbie realized that there were so many girls who loved Carlos the way she did. She obviously had dozens of rivals in love.

CHAPTER 107 THE MOTHER-IN-LAW'S COMING

At Hilton Group, Carlos was listening to one of his secretaries, Zelda, do a report in his office when his phone rang. The caller ID said it was his mom.

"Carlos, that's all. I'll leave it at that." When Zelda realized it was a personal call, she put the file on the desk and excused herself.

Once she stepped out and closed the door behind her, Carlos took the call. "Hello, Mom," he greeted.

"Son, did I catch you at a bad time?" Tabitha Lowell asked in a gentle voice.

"No, not at all. What's up?"

"Your father and I saw the news this morning. Did you..." Tabitha didn't finish her sentence.

Carlos knew what she was trying to ask. "Yes, Mom, it's true," he admitted.

"Then bring her home, please. Your father and I would like to meet her. Or, even better, I can come over in the two days I'm taking off duty." Something important occurred to Tabitha. She urgently needed to meet her daughter-in-law-to-be.

"Okay. I'll have Emmett book an air ticket for you." For Carlos' part, he wanted to wait until his mother arrived to tell her that he and Debbie had already gotten married.

"Okay then. I'll let you go back to work. Take care of yourself. Okay?"

"Sure. I will, Mom. Bye."

Hanging up the phone, Carlos looked out the window, deep in thought. Not long after he and Debbie had registered for marriage, his grandfather had fallen into a coma.

Therefore, till now, his parents still hadn't known about the marriage.

At the Economics and Management School

Out of the bathroom, Kasie suddenly dragged Debbie in her arms and asked in a whisper, "Tomboy, tell me, last night, did you and Carlos...Huh?" Instead of finishing her sentence, she gave Debbie a mischievous wink.

Hearing last night mentioned, Debbie yanked her hand free and rolled her eyes at Kasie. Her face turned red. "You know it all, don't you?"

"I have some clues, sweetie," said Kasie in a naughty tone. "Well, I can tell when a woman has had sex. You walk differently. In addition to the news this morning, I can put two and two together," she whispered.

Debbie was so embarrassed she pinched Kasie's arm, held her neck, and threatened, "Shut up! Keep it to yourself, honey."

Kasie started laughing hysterically. Then she noticed the hickeys on Debbie's neck. "Oh my Goodness!

What a crazy night it must have been for the two of you! Look at those marks. I can imagine the passion. Tsk-tsk." She made funny clicking sounds with her tongue.

Flushing with embarrassment, Debbie pulled the zipper of her down jacket up quickly and wrapped herself tight. "Shut the hell up!" she growled. Then lowering her voice, almost to a whisper, she said, "Remember that \$100,000 you took from your dad and spent on a toy boy? Well, I too can snitch on you. Right?"

Straight away, Kasie slapped her shoulder and protested, "You ungrateful girl! I just treated you to a nice lunch and now you want to blackmail me? Our friendship is over!" "To hell with it!" retorted Debbie.

"You thought you could buy me off with a meal? Well then. Take me to Starbucks this Saturday. Their new French Le Flan, and Salted Caramel and Nuts Cake, two shares each," she teased.

"No problem. But since when did you become a fan of Salted Caramel?"

Debbie propped her hands against her chin and said slowly, "I don't. But since it's you who is paying, I'll eat it anyway."

Kasie pushed her away. "What kind of friend are you? Go fly a kite."

To which Debbie replied with a teasing smile, "Good. Then Kristina and I are going hiking on Saturday without you."

"Kristina is with Dixon every day. How is she going to have time for you? Poor Tomboy. Considering your husband is hideously busy, you're stuck with me on Saturday. Can't you see?" Kasie joked, feigning an air of indifference. "Now, say something nice to me, or you will be going hiking alone," she coaxed.

"Cool. You wanna bet?" said Debbie with a playful wink.

"On what?"

"I'm going to call Mr. Handsome now. If he agrees to go hiking with me on Saturday, you will buy me lunch for a month. If he doesn't, I'll buy you lunch for a month. Interested?"

Kasie clapped her hands excitedly. "You got yourself a deal," she exclaimed. But on second thought, she said, "Wait. You and Carlos are hot for each other right now. You two are now officially on your honeymoon, I guess. Why would I have that kind of bet with you? I'm not stupid. No, uh-uh."

Debbie wouldn't let her bail. She dialed Carlos' number, cockily shook her phone in front of Kasie and said, "You said yes. Besides, I've already dialed Carlos' number. It's a little too late to buckle."

"Devil!" Kasie cursed.

Debbie put her phone to her ear. Soon the phone was connected. "Honey," came the greeting from the other end.

The sudden sappy form of address almost made Debbie choke on her own saliva. "Ugh...well, Mr. Handsome, are you busy?"

"Not really. Why? Miss me?" asked Carlos.

Kasie pushed herself towards the phone to listen to the conversation. "Um, are you busy this Saturday? I'm thinking of going hiking together, you and me."

"Saturday? We can't. Your mother-in-law's coming this Saturday."

'Huh? ? Mother-in-law ?'

Debbie totally freaked out. For a long moment, she couldn't think straight. "My mother-in-law...No. Why is your mom coming all of a sudden?" she asked nervously.

"She wants to meet you. Isn't that normal?"

Realizing she had overreacted, Debbie cleared her throat and replied, "Well, I guess it is."

"Her plane will land on Saturday noon. Let's pick her up together then."

"O-Okay," Debbie responded numbly. All she could think of were the words "mother-in-law" and "coming."

'What does she look like? Will she like me? What if she doesn't...' Her mind traveled miles away.

"What do you want to have for lunch? How about you come to my office so that we can have lunch together?" Carlos continued.

"What? Lunch? Oh, lunch..." The word "lunch" brought Debbie back to senses. She looked at Kasie, who was talking to her friend on WeChat, and complained, "It's all your fault. Now I have to buy Kasie lunch for a month. I can't have lunch with you anymore."

Hearing that, Kasie knew she won. Cockily, she held up two fingers and made a victory gesture.

"Huh?" Carlos was confused. 'Why is it my fault?'

Debbie bent over the desk listlessly and told him, "I had a bet with Kasie and I lost..."

"A bet on going hiking?" Carlos guessed and he was right.

"Yes," she answered.

Carlos was amused. "Come to my office for lunch later. I'll sort it out with Kasie. Okay?"

"No. I lost the bet, so I'll buy Kasie lunch for a month. We had a deal," Debbie declared.

"Deb, I was kidding. It doesn't matter you buy me lunch or not. Don't take it too seriously," said Kasie.

They were good friends. Even if Debbie broke her word, Kasie wouldn't mind.

"Put Kasie on the phone. I'd like to talk to her." Carlos knew how much friendship meant to Debbie. And her word was her bond. He decided to help her out.

CHAPTER 108 OUR MOM

"Er... what do you want to say to her?" Debbie got tense when Carlos said he wanted to speak to Kasie. 'What in the world does he want to say to her?'

Carlos laughed, "Relax, honey. I'm just trying to help. Don't worry. I won't tell her how great last night was."

Debbie blushed and explained hurriedly, "No, no. That's not what I mean. Why do you want to speak to her? Never mind. I'll put her on the phone right now."

Then she handed the phone to Kasie. It was only then that her friend realized that Carlos wasn't joking earlier. Kasie stared at the phone, scared, as if it would bite her. Gnawing her index finger, she asked, "Carlos...Carlos wants to talk to me? For real?"

Debbie blinked with a nod. "Yeah, for real."

Kasie immediately put her phone down and before taking Debbie's, she wiped her hand on her clothes, as if afraid that the phone would be stained. "Hi, Carlos," she greeted him respectfully.

Watching her friend's dramatic reaction, Debbie was rendered speechless.

Carlos said something over the phone and Kasie explained nervously, "No, Carlos, I was just joking. It really didn't mean anything. Please don't take it seriously. I've barely spent a dime of the card you gave me last time. Debbie and I were really just fooling around a moment ago."

Hoping to convince Carlos, Kasie used the word "really" repeatedly, stressing it every time she said it.

Then she paused as Carlos responded to her explanation. Debbie couldn't hear what he said easily. This time, Kasie nodded resignedly, "Okay then. Thank you, Carlos."

Kasie put him on hold and handed the phone back to Debbie. Debbie took it off hold. "What did you say

to her, old man?" she asked.

"Nothing. My secretary will pick you up at noon. We're having lunch together."

Although puzzled, Debbie agreed.

Once the phone call ended, Kasie remarked anxiously, "Your husband is way more serious than you are."

"What do you mean?" Debbie wondered.

Then Kasie told her what Carlos had said on the phone. Finally, Debbie would get to the bottom of this.

"He said it wasn't just a joke. You and I had made a pact. Since you lost the bet, he knew you would feel bad if you went back on your word. So he asked his secretary to dump more money into my card for the fifth floor of Alioth Building. It's enough to eat there for a month," Kasie stated.

Words failed Debbie when she heard that.

Carlos always thought money solved everything, so that was his go-to answer for every situation. He was almost never proven wrong, either.

Ashley picked Debbie up at noon, and dropped her off at the office. Carlos was there waiting for her, and said, "Let's go out to eat."

After the waitress had taken their orders, Debbie asked, "What does your mom like? What's her favorite food? What does she do for fun? What does she hate? I'm so nervous."

Carlos took her hand in his, patted it lovingly and comforted her as she looked at him in confusion, "My mom is your mom too. You'll have to get used to that. But hey, don't worry. She's nice. She'll like you."

Debbie was uncertain. "Really? You think so?" She'd heard that a lot of fights were caused by the mother-in-law and her attitude toward the bride.

"Yes, I'm super-uber-sure," Carlos replied. She loved it when he tried to be cute. A handsome man with a playful wit made a wonderful husband. His mom, Tabitha, used to tell Carlos he should marry an outgoing girl. And that was just it—upbeat and outgoing, Debbie was perfect. So Carlos was positive his mom would approve.

Debbie was relieved to hear him say yes. "Okay. How long will your mom be here?"

Carlos gave her a sidelong glance as he unfolded a hot wet towel. "Not just my mom, our mom. Two days," he corrected.

"Oh, sorry." 'Our mom, our mom...' she repeated in her head. 'Got it.'

During the meal, she was preoccupied with the fact that she was going to meet her mother-in-law. She was anxious and excited all at the same time. When Carlos talked to her, she was very distracted.

"Where did you get the money for the ring?" asked Carlos. He got a notification for every transaction with the card he gave her. According to the notifications, she hadn't spent over a thousand at a time recently. So obviously, she didn't use the bank card to buy him the ring.

It wasn't that he didn't trust her or was spying on her. The notification function came with the card. It was something he could turn off, but he felt it wise to keep it on. That way if someone stole it, they'd be easier to track down.

"I earned it, of course," Debbie answered proudly. 'I wonder what she looks like? Since Carlos is so handsome, I bet she's gorgeous. Probably he got those good genes from her, ' she thought to herself.

"How?"

"By singing." 'Should I go shopping with her or something?'

"Where?"

"At a bar. Oh crap..." She suddenly realized she'd been tricked into blurting out things that she had been hiding from him. The look in his eyes told her that he was angry about something. She tried to recall what he had asked and what she had said.

He grabbed her hand tightly and demanded, "Why do you have to sing at bars? Didn't I give you bank cards? Did you drink alcohol there?"

He squeezed her hand hard, and it hurt. Afraid to further provoke him, Debbie didn't dare to take her hand back. "I'll quit singing. The money on the card is yours. How could I use your money to buy you a ring? I just wanted the ring to be more meaningful, so I decided to earn the money on my own. But I didn't drink even a drop of alcohol."

She giggled at him.

As Carlos heard her promise not to sing again and that she hadn't drunk, his countenance softened. "Did you get hoarse because of singing?"

Debbie knew she had to come clean now, so she admitted, "Yeah. I hadn't sung for a long time. But everyone was wild and I was having fun. I guess I sang for too long, cause I got a little hoarse. But luckily, my throat healed. I was fine the next morning. You know that. You were there."

Carlos remembered her throat was fine the next morning. He had the housemaid prepare some medicine, but it turned out she didn't need it. She was good as new. He understood most of what she

said—except for one part. "Your throat healed?"

Debbie grinned, "Yeah. That wasn't the first time I had a sore throat, after all. It happened before, but maybe because it had happened so many times my throat got used to it or something, I don't know. It just does this on its own."

The goofy smile on her face brightened his heart like the sun.

And just like that, his anger disappeared.

He took her hand in his, and brought it to his lips. He kissed it tenderly, lovingly. "Sweet pie, don't do that again. You have money. If you want to buy me something, just use the card, okay?"

"Fine. But Mr. Handsome, I'm 21 now. I can make my own money, can't I?" she asked defensively. When he kissed her fingers, it tickled. She couldn't help giggling. Her eyes narrowed into thin lines.

"I'm not saying you can't work. It's just that you're still in school. You should be studying, not working. If you study hard and pay attention, you'll be awesome at whatever you decide to do." Although she was a wonderful woman in Carlos' eyes, she'd have to deal with all kinds of people. If she focused in college, she'd have a better handle on that, and know better what to do. He wanted her ready for all kinds of situations.

Debbie nodded. She knew he was right. Besides, a lot of her classmates had told her that she changed into a better and more graceful woman. She was happier, more confident, and more respectful.

She knew Carlos did that for her and she appreciated it.

After all, what kind of girl in their right mind wouldn't want to better themselves? She had hoped to become her best self too before she met Carlos, but she had never really tried. She didn't have much money, and she had no idea how to make her dreams come true. Not to mention she lacked self-discipline. Carlos was everything she wanted in a man.

CHAPTER 109 HE IS GOOD TO YOU

Not only did Carlos provide everything for Debbie materially, but he also supervised her school performance whenever possible. It just didn't make sense for her to slack.

Taking a deep breath, Debbie bragged with a smile, "I'll be more successful than you are. I'll take over your position and make you stay at home to take care of the house. If you upset me, I'll make you stand barefoot on a porcupine. And, if you make me happy, I may take you outside for a vacation. It feels great just thinking about it." She laughed.

Amused by the gloating look on her face, Carlos chuckled. He kissed her hand and said, "I'm looking forward to the day that your aspirations are fulfilled and you take over my position. I'll be glad to take care of our baby at home and cook for you for the rest of our lives."

He couldn't help but smile as the scene played out in his mind.

Hearing him mention the word "baby," Debbie blushed as she felt her heart leap in her chest. 'Having a baby with him would make me unbelievably happy,' she thought to herself.

All of a sudden there was a knock on the door, which startled Debbie out of her day dreaming. Pulling her hand away from Carlos' grip, she picked up the glass of juice on the table, pretending to take a sip.

Carlos' hand was left motionless in midair. He was so surprised by her reaction, for a moment, he forgot to put his hand down. "Debbie, is it so embarrassing to be with me?" he asked quietly.

Clueless to the pain that her reaction had inflicted upon her husband, Debbie asked in confusion, "What? Of course not." In fact, it was quite the contrary. Debbie wished the whole world knew Carlos was her husband.

It was just that Carlos' identity was too significant, so she wanted to be inconspicuous.

Remembering the person at the door, Carlos answered, "Come in!" The door opened and the waiters entered holding numerous dishes in their arms. It was time to eat.

The dishes were served efficiently. As the waiters left the room, Carlos began putting food onto Debbie's plate for her to eat. He continued to do this until she was stuffed. Afraid that she still wasn't full yet, Carlo offered to order even more dishes.

Before he could call the waiters back, Debbie grabbed his hand, put it on her belly and said, "I'm so full. Touch my belly and check it out yourself."

Assured that her belly was bulging out, Carlos closed the menu with one hand, while his other hand moved upward away from her belly.

"Carlos!" Debbie yelled, grabbing his rogue hand.

A satisfied smirk flitted over his face.

"Let's go." Carlos stood up as if nothing had happened.

As he began to walk away from the table, Debbie quickly followed him, sliding her arm into his. "Are you going back to your office?" she asked.

"No, I have to meet with a client at Clouds Road. I can drop you off at school if you'd like."

"Okay," Debbie replied.

That evening, after school Debbie dropped by her aunt's house to bring her some lipsticks before heading back to the villa.

"Debbie, this brand is insanely expensive. How can you afford it? Where does the money come from?" Lucinda asked. She knew Debbie's husband was supporting her, but she didn't know how much he gave her each month, nor did she know who Debbie's husband even was.

Debbie grabbed Lucinda's arm and whispered, "My husband bought these for me, but there are too many of them. It would be a waste to leave any of them untouched, so I would like to bring you some."

"I remember the last time you were here you said that you wanted a divorce. Why are you accepting his gifts?"

Debbie hesitated for a moment and then replied honestly, "I don't want a divorce anymore. Things are good between us right now."

Lucinda took a step back from Debbie to get a better look at her. The girl had changed. She noticed the moment Debbie had walked in the door. It was hard to pinpoint what was different from before, but on a closer look, Lucinda figured it out. "He's good to you,"

Lucinda said firmly. Debbie used to look rough because she practiced martial arts, but now she looked put together and very happy. Despite not wearing any makeup, the girl's skin had a natural glow. Lucinda only had to glance at Debbie's clothes to know that they cost a fortune. Flipping up the tag on her shirt, Lucinda was shocked. The brand was so expensive that even she, an elderly woman with savings and assets, would hesitate to buy it.

"Aunt, you are remarkable! You can tell that he is good to me just by looking at me." Debbie's face reddened as she attempted to avoid her aunt's stare.

Noticing that Debbie didn't deny it, Lucinda let out a sigh of relief and said, "Deb, if you are happy, then I have nothing to worry about." 'This girl had a tough childhood. Her mom abandoned her when she was born. Now finally there's somebody there for her.' Lucinda was so glad.

"Don't worry, Aunt. I'm very happy now." Debbie smiled. Although she and Carlos had their disagreements, he made her happy again afterwards every time.

"Tell me, what does he do for a living? How old is he? Bring him over sometime to have dinner," Lucinda said, enthusiastically.

"Okay," Debbie hesitated. "He is a 28-year-old CEO. I'll bring him here to meet you and uncle next time."

"A 28-year-old CEO?" Lucinda observed. 'That's some achievement,' Lucinda thought to herself, amazed. Gail's father, Sebastian, hadn't taken over the company until he was in his forties.

There were only a few CEOs under thirty in Alorith. Lucinda decided to ask Sebastian about it later.

When Debbie left, Lucinda immediately called Sebastian. "Where are you?" she asked.

"I've just arrived home. Open the door."

Upon seeing Sebastian outside, Lucinda opened the door and quickly pulled him into the living room. Sebastian was so tired he could barely move his feet. "What is it? Why are you being mysterious?" he asked, irritated.

"How many 28-year-old CEOs are there in Alorith?" Lucinda asked.

Sitting on the couch, Sebastian rubbed his temples to relax a little. "Why are you asking?" he responded after a glance at his wife.

"I told you that Debbie was married, right?"

"Yeah, so?"

"Tonight, Debbie dropped by and brought me some lipsticks that cost thousands of dollars each. She also brought you a fancy tobacco pipe. She said it was her husband's money. Guess what? Her husband is a 28-year-old CEO!"

Hearing that this was about Debbie, Sebastian focused up. He thought about it and then replied, "A 28-year-old... Hayden, who has just started to make a name for himself in Alorith, seems to be 28. There is the son of the Rivers family, the oldest son of the Torres family, and Carlos of Hilton Group..."

Thinking of Carlos, Sebastian seemed to gain some energy. "Could it be Carlos? I heard on the news that he carried some college girl out of a hotel room this morning..." he said.

'Could the college girl be Debbie?' he wondered.

Lucinda had heard of Carlos before. While she knew who he was, she didn't think it could possibly be him. "Carlos? That's impossible! Stop freaking me out! As far as I'm concerned, he doesn't even know Debbie. They are people from two completely different worlds. How can he be Debbie's husband? Let's be realistic. I say it might be Hayden. He and Debbie know each other. They used to date."

Rich and powerful, Carlos was beyond their imagination. The wedding of such a man wouldn't have been so discreet and private. The news of his marriage would have traveled throughout the city. He also wouldn't have married such a lowly girl.

When Artie was alive, Debbie had lived several years as a wealthy spoiled girl. But compared to the Hilton family, her family's wealth was practically nothing.

CHAPTER 110 LET'S GO TO THE MALDIVES TOGETHER

Not that Lucinda and Sebastian looked down on Debbie. On the contrary, they felt bad about Gail constantly picking on her. It was just that Carlos was so unapproachable. They felt it didn't make sense for him to marry a plain girl like Debbie.

"Hayden?" Sebastian tried to remember the man. "He just came home from abroad recently, but in a short time, with the help of his powerful family, he's already quite influential in Alorith. I don't know much about him, though. I'll do a background check on him later," he promised.

"That's not necessary. Since he's Debbie's husband, she has agreed to bring him here for dinner some day. We'll know more when he comes."

"Okay," Sebastian agreed.

When Debbie got to the villa, Carlos wasn't back home from work yet. When she passed by the living room, she saw the tens of bags of various sizes on the floor. It was only then that she remembered she had been on a shopping spree before she had gone to her aunt's.

She had bought a load of cosmetics at the Shining International Plaza. Even she herself was shocked by the number of the extravagance. When did she become so wasteful? Was that the right kind of influence she was picking from Carlos? On the nightly shopping spree, she had gone to Shining International Plaza to buy a tobacco pipe for Sebastian. But on impulse, she had visited the cosmetics shop, which happened to be running a sales promo.

She was lured by a sales assistant who pushed a pitch of ridiculously discounted items.

But when Debbie got to the counter to pay for what she had picked, she realized she had been tricked. She hated their bait and switch sales tactics, but she didn't want the embarrassment of appearing that she was a flat broke ass, so she just accepted the items. With a kit of hydrating toner, lotion, and cream going at \$10, 000, the prices were simply over the top, forcing her to call Carlos for his opinion before she paid for anything. It was his money after all. To her surprise, he upbraided her.

"Debbie, I have loads of money that you'll never finish a fraction in a thousand lifetimes. You can't afford to be a penny pincher when you have my money and my heart, dear. If you ever hesitate again to spend the money, I'll move the most expensive cosmetics shop in the Shining International Plaza into your bedroom," he warned.

After the brief call, Debbie leisurely walked back to the counter and paid for the cosmetics without batting an eyelid. She had been hesitant about the hydration essence and face mask a moment ago, but after his nudging on the phone, there was not a thing she'd leave out.

After paying, she called him once more and proudly announced, "Mr. Handsome, I just blew \$36, 570 on the damn things. A good treat, huh?"

Carlos was glad that she finally bought herself something fancy, but Debbie despised that needless

obscene spending.

"All the skin care products are having a sales promotion now. The customers who have spent \$200, 000 or more will get a free 8-day trip to the Maldives. Accommodation, refreshments, transportation, all included. Deb, wouldn't you fancy an all expenses paid trip to the Maldives?" Carlos asked.

Debbie nodded violently, "Yes, yes, I do. But... how can I manage to spend so much money on one night's shopping spree?"

The so-called free trip would only be a fraction of the money spent at the mall first. Annoyed by the manipulative sales gimmicks, she passed by as if she hadn't heard what the sales crew were touting.

"What have you bought?" Carlos asked on the phone.

After hearing Debbie out, he continued, "Go buy two more sets of the same items, if you don't mind. In addition, you can also buy some lipsticks and other cosmetics. Stay away from the cheap ones, please."

Debbie was astounded.

"If you can't spend \$200, 000 by yourself today, I'll go to the mall and pick out some things for you later." If Debbie couldn't even spend \$200, 000 in one day, it would only prove that the fancy cosmetics shops in Shining International Plaza were lower end.

"No, no—"

"Go to the lounge to have a rest. I'll have the manager bring the samples of everything to you so that you can decide what you want."

"I said no—"

"Sweet pie, it's only \$200, 000. That isn't much for a man of my means."

Debbie sensed that she didn't have a choice. "Okay," she replied.

"Good girl. Remember to claim the Maldives reward at the service counter afterwards. Then don't leave the mall yet. Go to the compartments for men and buy some articles for me. Spend at least \$200, 000 on me as well. Let's go to the Maldives together. Don't you like the idea?"

Debbie wasn't very impressed, but she had to play along.

Because if Carlos came and chose the cosmetics with her, he'd blow away far more than the \$400, 000 he was telling her to spend. "Okay," she agreed.

Carlos smiled. "From now on, Zelda won't be in charge of shopping for me anymore. It will be your duty.

I believe you'll keep our skin care products in adequate supply."

Later, with the help of the housemaids, Debbie moved the bags delivered to the villa by Shining International Plaza from the living room to her bedroom.

She cautiously took the products out of the bags and put them on the dressing table.

When the top of the table was all occupied, she stuffed the rest into the drawers. 'Obscene spending, ' she chastised herself silently. Careful not to ruin her day by dwelling so much on the negatives, she told herself to unwind. Heaving a deep, reflective sigh, she pulled out her phone, took a photo of the items and posted it in Moments on WeChat. "For the 8-day trip to the Maldives, I shopped like crazy at the Shining International Plaza!" she captioned.

Since Carlos had been sleeping in her bedroom most of the time lately, and they had had sex the night before, Debbie thought he wouldn't sleep alone in his bedroom anymore. So she kept his cosmetics in her bedroom.

The thought of what had happened last night made her blush. With the palm of her left hand on cheek, she put one set of skin care products for men into her bathroom. There were only a few items for Carlos, but each was exquisite.

She marveled at the fancy packaging while she unpacked a face cream.

According to the sales assistant, the packaging had won the first prize of an international skin care products design competition. Did the packaging design make the product look better? No, of course not, but it made it more expensive. That was the point.

The cream for men was as expensive as a few sets of skin care products for women. Debbie removed the lid and wondered whether it was gold inside the jar. Wow, it smelled so good. The faint fragrance was simply ethereal.

She smeared some cream with her finger and dabbed it on the back of her hand.

Later, she found out that it was very effective in hydrating. It left her hand unbelievably smooth. It seemed their pricing was justified, after all.

Then she noticed the cologne she had bought for Carlos. To find the perfect scent for him, Debbie had smelled all the cologne samples, but none of them was close to the perfume he usually wore.

At last, she had to go with a soft Calabrian bergamot scent, just perfect for her man.

When everything was tidied up, it was ten o'clock already. After a bath, Debbie opened several bottles and smeared her body all over. Then she slipped under the covers.

Before having a beauty sleep, she intended to play a little bit of Candy Crush Saga on the phone for a while. But seeing the time on the screen, she wondered, 'It's pretty late already. Why is Carlos not home yet?'

Immediately, she called him. "Hi." The phone was answered quickly.

"Do you... I'm wondering when you are coming back. It's already 10 p.m."

'Does she miss me?' Carlos wondered. A smile crept over his face when he sat in the back seat. "I'm on my way. I'll be home in five minutes."

"Oh, okay then. See you later."

"Bye."

After hanging up the phone, Debbie got out of bed quickly, the phone still in her hand. She trotted down the stairs into the kitchen and started to heat up a bottle of milk.

Within five minutes, the doorbell rang and Carlos was home, true to his word. How she wished he'd be like this forever.